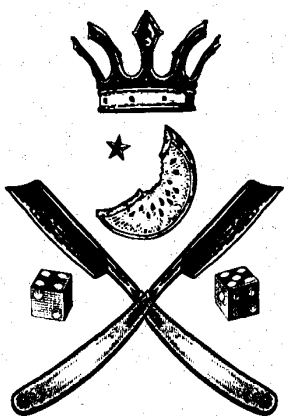
THE NEW MINSTREL REVIEW

7

THE NEW MINSTREL REVIEW

EDITED BY

ABEED FREEMAN



DE SEBBENT VOLUME

2025

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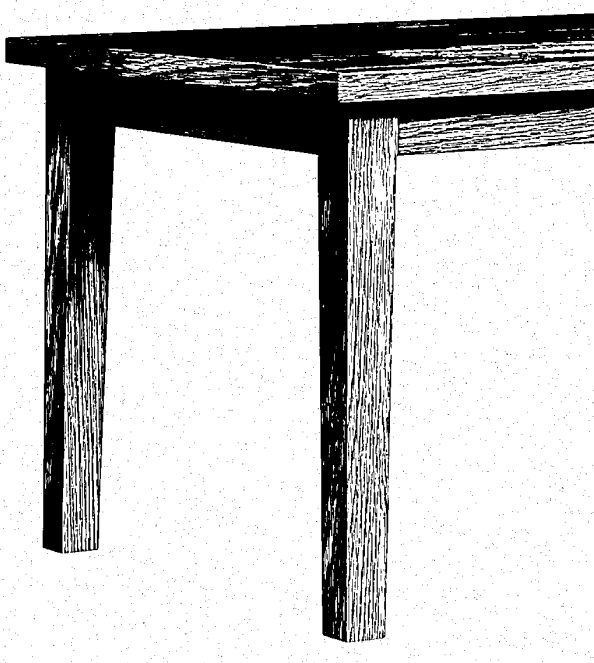
INTRODUCTION

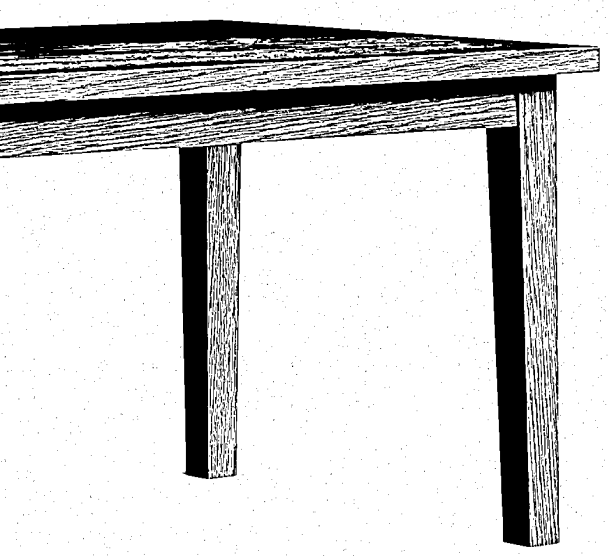
BY

ABEED FREEMAN

7 VOLUMES! Dis hea shooly bring joy to dis typo-gaphical word-writtin' nigger. An' why not? De good ole minstrely show bring joy ta ebbery man, woman, an' chile! Fo' dar am no feets in dis world dat won't move to de rattle ob de bones, an' dar am no sound so sweet lak de ringin' ob de banjo! Oh! Dar am no heart dat is not lightened by de tomfoolery an' de general rascalness ob de ethiopian lampoon!

So gird yo' pork loins an' flip thru dese pages, foh as per de usual, dar am de songs, de designs, an' de sketches, dat am a great pleasure an' amusement in de gen'real and de pah'tiklur.





COON SONGS AND SKETCHES

Job Niggas.

Sketch by Kusin Toofpaste & Danny Pickledill Dabbins.

BONES—I say, say, Rastus, why de long face?

RASTUS—I'se sad.

INTERLOCUTOR—Sad? Why's that, minster Tambo?

RASTUS—Ole Peachy Bessy don' want me no mo' an' it's weighing on me lak a carriage full of watermelons.

INTERLOCUTOR—Hmm, seems to me you might need some advice of the romntical sort.

RASTUS—Wadd'yu mean? She's an employer, sir.

BONES—Now hol' on dar, Rastus, we is sho' confabulated at dis turn ob events.

Rastus—You tellin' me, sir, I'se de one who got no job now.

BONES—[Stands up violently and stomps foot,] You had a job!?

RASTUS—Well yes'm, we all got jobs, Jimbo dar got a job to do work and get nothing, yo' job ta sit dere and do nothin'. My job, as is now ebident, is to see how ta get me a anudda job

BONES—Rastus, yu ole rascal, I ain't nebber seen you work a day in your life!

RASTUS—I'se a prompt engineer, sir.

INTERLOCUTOR—A prompt engineer?

RASTUS—Yes, suh, it lak ma' ole granmamy, what used ta pray, but de difelence am dat when I offer de prompt, I sometimes get m' prayer recibed.

BONES—Rastus, yu old [Rastus is 16 years old] lazy nigger, You ain't nebber been prompt in yo' entire 'xistence. An' now yu is tellin' me dat yu was prompulatin' fo' de ole missus Peachy Bessy?

RASTUS—Yes'm, das true, I done promptly went into de kitchen and ate de pie what dar, and she promptly prompted dis hea nigga ta leave, wid the trowin' ob de skillet at dis nigga head.

[Everyone laughs.]

Stump Speech on Anthropology.

By Danny Pickledill Dabbins and Jib Hamslicer

NOW, I'se dun heard a lot of white drash tawkin' 'bout de airy-yon speerut, duh Sintrashta, Yummy'naya bloodline, and all I'se gotta say is dis: De possum don't stick to one tree! Dats jes not how it works, mista!

Now, my name ain't "Zip Coon," but rest assurified, I'se know what I'm talking 'bout, as surely as I'se knows de circumfrenz ob de rind on de watermelon!

Now, what 'xactly am an "Airy-on"? Das de great-granpappy ob de white man, pure an simpah. Howebber, de airy-on ob ole hab no 'semblance to de white man ob today! On de contrary, it am niggas, yes, NIGGAS, dat am de airy-onion of to-day! Indeed, gemmen, I'se done seen a nigga in SOUF AFRIKY get buried alive in him German motor-wagon! Yes'm jas lak dem ole airy-onions used ta, in de chariot! Now, before you open yo' mouth to rebuke me for rascalism, I ain't done, suh! Y'see, when I stage an ink-we-ree, wazzat dat I do? I akses a queschin! Now, what do de ole Anglo-Saxon man do? He axed a queschin. What does de nigga value mo' den anyding? Das right, suh! Yes, suh! Das exactly right! Yes, suh! You is right! He lubs his chains, but only de one he cain take off, ha-ha! Well, das exactly true fo' de "why-king" niggas ob de forests, where not a single possum is to be found! No gum trees neither! Fine, so mebbe it was no like a brootsh, but de devil is in de details, and de devil is bad! Das why I never eat deviled eggs...

Anyhoodoo, gemmen, I ax yu dis naw: Where do de narcotic known to us as de "Can-eye-bus" come frum? Das rite, de Indus, an' where did de airy-onion go? Das rite, him go into de Indus. An' if you read upon de ole books lak de "Bedas," you is sho' bound ta see dat dey was consumin' de same narcotic, an also misceginatin' it wit de field-grass dat am a 'simulant. Dey call'd dis de "Somba." Wit dis dey done turned de howsss from lazy niggas into white

men! But who am it to-day who abuse dese narcotics in abundance? Yes, suh, de nigga. Now, lemme kwonteenyew: What do niggas do as a test of dere wits? Dey do de rhyming battles, jes lak de why-king used ta do! Heas an excerpt from de "flytin,"—as it whar called—of Dumb-bar and Kenny Dee:

D: Hesh yo mouf, all up an' down dis heah land,
Quit dat fool-play, quit dat sorry-hand.
Git up, wally-dragg, ole card-shack bum,
Bedda pay de man he due, fo' trubba come.
Lemme see dem six whuppin's stripe yo' rear,
ek it lowly, boy, wid a meek-look cheer.
Else yo' gwine wail de day yo' mawma born,
Kase Kennedy done scribble dis note fo' warn.
Lawd, boy, you cain't write fo' nothin'.
Ah swar, ebben a Lowlan' rump could spit
mo' fine English dan yo' Carrick lips.

K: Hie now, Souv'rin Lawd, don' let dis sinful sot
Shame up yo' people nor yo' good nashun.
Don' let no sich trash git call'd a Scot—
Dis lowzy rascal, wormy, stinkin' pestilashun.
Chuck dis critter 'way fum honest folks,
Sling him off whar nobody gwine keer,
How he stank an' foul up all de air;
Tote off dis rotten, stinkin' cawkess.

Not only dat, but I cain't tink ob a single group ob niggas dat have deir minstrels murderin' each-odder, but de real coons an' de why-kings! You ever read Nigger Jawl's saga? How about de Lazy Dealer's saga? De one where de dames make de boys kill each other, who gotta' kill de udder in revenge, at seteruh ek seturuh! You ebber hear 'bout de story on King Von? Or as I kawl dis rascalist: Viking Von! But, yes'm, de antrhopologee am clear, de nigger am de one what carry de spirit ob de airy-onion in de today!

A NEGRO SPIRITUAL, TITLED
"Lay Down Your Weapons."

By Tenacious Guardrail.

Put down your shield,
Put down your sword,
Lay down your weapons
And praise de Lord! [x2]

Once I was a menace
To my my fellow man,
Once I was a rascal,
All across dis land.

I went down ta Kentucky,
I rob an' shoot an' kill,
I get drunk ebbery nite,
An' de chickens I did steal.

But Jesus done saved me,
An' washed me in de blood,
I go an' I sin no mo',
All glory is to God!

Oh! Put down your shield,
Put down your sword,
Lay down your weapons
And praise de Lord! [x2]

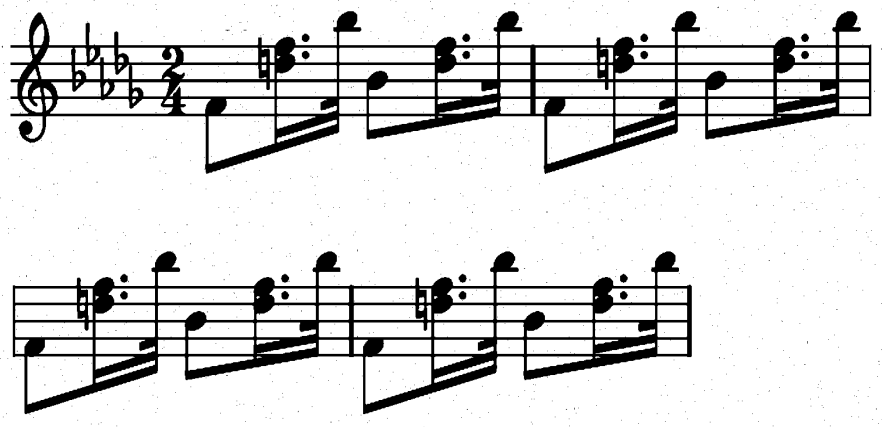
Dis nigger was a devil,
I rape an' take an' run.
An' if I had a problem,
I solved it with a gun.

But Jesus show me mercy,
An' on my knees I pray.
Oh! De man from Galilee,
He dun wash'd my sins away!

Oh! Put down your shield,
Put down your sword,
Lay down your weapons
And praise de Lord! [x2]

SHEET MUSIC FOR
“Lay Down Your Weapons.”

INTRO



CHORUS

VERSE

Stump Speech on Physics.

By Jib Hamslicer and Delirious Zanjee Johnson

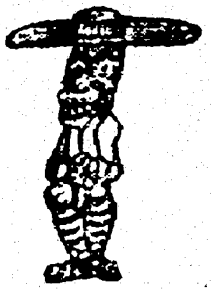
NOW, I tell you, gemmen, gravy-tea am real! Massa Newton din' hanged him'sef on de apple tree so yu rascals cud deny dis today! Did Socrates put de cup down so you niggas cud drown in de jug ebbery day? No, gemmen, so I'se here to learn you about de skientific no'shen ob de physic. See, de furst law ob physic am dis: A body, much lak de nigga, remains at rest, unless acted upon by force. So, de secund law ob physic den is dis: At any time, de force dat is on de body am equal to de back-celler-nation multiplied by massa' whip, or de speed at which de nigga try ta run abbay. Den, de terd law ob physic den am as follow: If two niggas excrete forces on each odder, dese forces have de same magma-dude but in de opposite direc'shens. Jas lak when my cousin Stowk Jibbins got into a fight with him uncle, and dey done punch one anudder at de same tyme, an' both dem niggas go to sleep. De apple-cajun ob dese laws am what lobotomized de industry ob dis worl', dis de same ting what show us how dem plant-net in de sky move 'round de erf, so dat we cain know where we is. So, go on now, niggas, an' tern de feary into de practicus!

$$a = \frac{dv}{dt} = \lim_{\Delta t \to 0} \frac{v(t + \Delta t) - v(t)}{\Delta t}$$

Tol lol lol lol lol lol lol la la la la.

Sketch About Politics.

By Ajax Rice 'n' Beans Freeman



THREE real coons, one being a Democrat, the other a Republican, and the third being entirely apolitical, gather in a den of less than infamy. The three colored gentlemen begin discussing politics:

"Missa' Reh'publican, you is as dumb as a bag of possums runnin' fo' pres'dent! See, says right here in de constipation of de United States dat de people hab de freedom of movement. Jes what sort of tire-nanny is you conspirin' with your rat'holic?"

"Look heah naw," the obese darkie replied as he dangerously leaned back into his chair, "De Four-teeth 'Mendment do not protect de freedom of de movement in all cases."

The Democratic coon inspected the time on his [stolen] wrist-watch and said: "I think ma' watch busted."

"How's dat?" The Republican asked.

"Kase no matter how much I inspec' de watch, it do not show me at what point in tyme anything you jas ejaculated made any sense."

"Why, you rascal!" The Republican nigger said as he shook his fist.

The two turned to the third coon and said: "Well, what do you say about dis!?"

The [intoxicated] darkie smacked his lips and said: "Well, I'se an egoist."

"How do dat state your posi'shen on de freedom ob de movement?" The Democrat asked.

"Well, y'see," the egoist said, "I GO wherever I IS!"

"Dis life am a Misery"

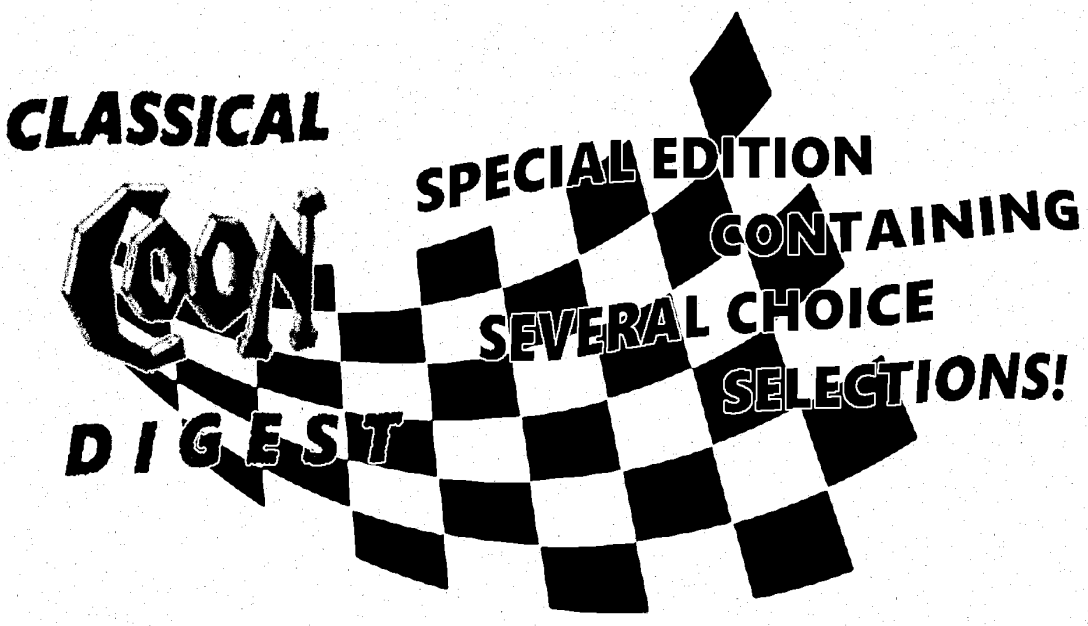
By Cornpone Toenigga

Dis life am a misery for every nigger alive,
Dis life am a misery; das why niggas cry!
Tell me, nigga, why! Why you 'fraid ta die!
Kase a nigger is a burden on de life dat he live?
An' de life only take, de life nebber give!?
Fo' no matter wat we gain, we is always in de debt?
An' life always come! Fo' dat debt ta' collect?

"De Moonlite Shine"

By George Blackman

When de moonlite shine, de color ob de lime,
Oh! I know it am true! It am true!
I'se lub all dem gals, gleamin' lak de staws!
Jas lak de staws das gleamin' in de sky.
I lubs de yeller gal; she giggle when I call,
Oh! Dis nigger heart start ta shake!
lubs her, I do, but she done stole my shoe!
But, dis gal, she also stole ma' heart.



Whereupon Lou said:—"Take yoah nasty stinkin hand off me, ole nigga, befoah I hits you so hard, you'll think a mule kicked you."

Negro:—"Now how come I know dis ole nigga woman is name Lou, as I said befoah, I been a little sorter sick, and in de rucus dis other ole nigga woman, whut's named Anna, hit me ova de hade wid de fryin pan, and when she did, I kinda grunted like, and she say, 'Haw! Haw! Lou, did you heah dis ole nigga grunt when I hit him ova de hade wid dis ole fryin pan?"

THE NEGRO AND HIS JOB AT THE DYNAMITE FACTORY

During the war an old Southern darky applied at a large dynamite factory for a job. Not knowing what kind of a place he was getting into, and on being told that they could use him, wanted to know what kind of work it was.

The Boss:—"This is a dynamite factory, and we must have your full name and address, and where you wish your remains sent, in case of an accident".

The Negro: (with his eyes run out on a stem)—"Come agin boss, I didn't quite git yoah drift".

The Boss:—"I say this is a dynamite factory, and you are liable to be blown into doll rags any minute, so that it is very necessary for us to know what to do with what is left of you, in case of an accident".

The Negro:—"Boss, you ain't talkin about nothin. I don't want no job. I was jess foolin you all, and so far as des remains is concerned, I'll remove dem right now".

DE NIGGA'S TEAR.

De poor ole nigga turn'd
To take him last farewell,
Ob good young *manumission-frens*,
Him home—and dinner bell,
Decrepit—past all work,
Aim tank'd de *oberseer*,
Den, from him *sunken-sable-cheek*,
Him wiped away de *tear*.
Decrepit, &c.

Him den kneel'd on de *grave*
Ob him *poor wife* and *chile*,
Den—from him *place of birth*,
Dey forced him, *wid a smile*,
Him said, *dis poor old heart dey'll brake*,
Dere's ONE me still REVERE!
To rest, he lean'd upon him *hoe*,
And wiped away de *tear!*
Him said, &c.

Me tink me see de *spot*,
In *life* me saw him last,
Unconscious ob him '*proaching fate*,
In *years!* him went *outcast*,
Go search him 'mong de WILDS—
Him *poor old bones* will '*pear*,
Him once more *rested on him spade*,
And wiped away *de tear*.
Go search, &c.

THE CASE IN COURT

Three negroes, two women and a man, were brought into court for fighting.

The Judge:—"What were you fighting with these women for"?

Negro:—"Jedge, I am gonna tell you de Gawd's truf, its dis heah way. Ise been rooming at dis heah ole nigga woman's house, her name is Lou, and eatin in the calf, (cafe) next doah, run by dis other old nigga, her name is Anna, and as I has been a little sorter sick, I got behind wif my room rent".

Judge:—"How much rent were you paying?"

Negro:—"Foah bits, or fifty cents a week, and as I said befoah, I got a little behind wif my rent, when she ups and starts a rucus".

Judge:—"Who started a rucus?"

Negro:—"Dis heah, ole nigga woman, right heah, Lou".

(Puts his hand on her to show the Judge which one he had reference to)

With admiring eyes I looked for some moments on this bold black man—this slave-hero. I might have gazed longer, but the burning sensation in my arm reminded me of my perilous situation.

"You will guide me to Bringiers?" was my hurried interrogatory.

"Daren't, mass'."

"Daren't! Why?"

"Mass' forget I'se a runaway. White folk cotch Gabr'l—cut off him arm."

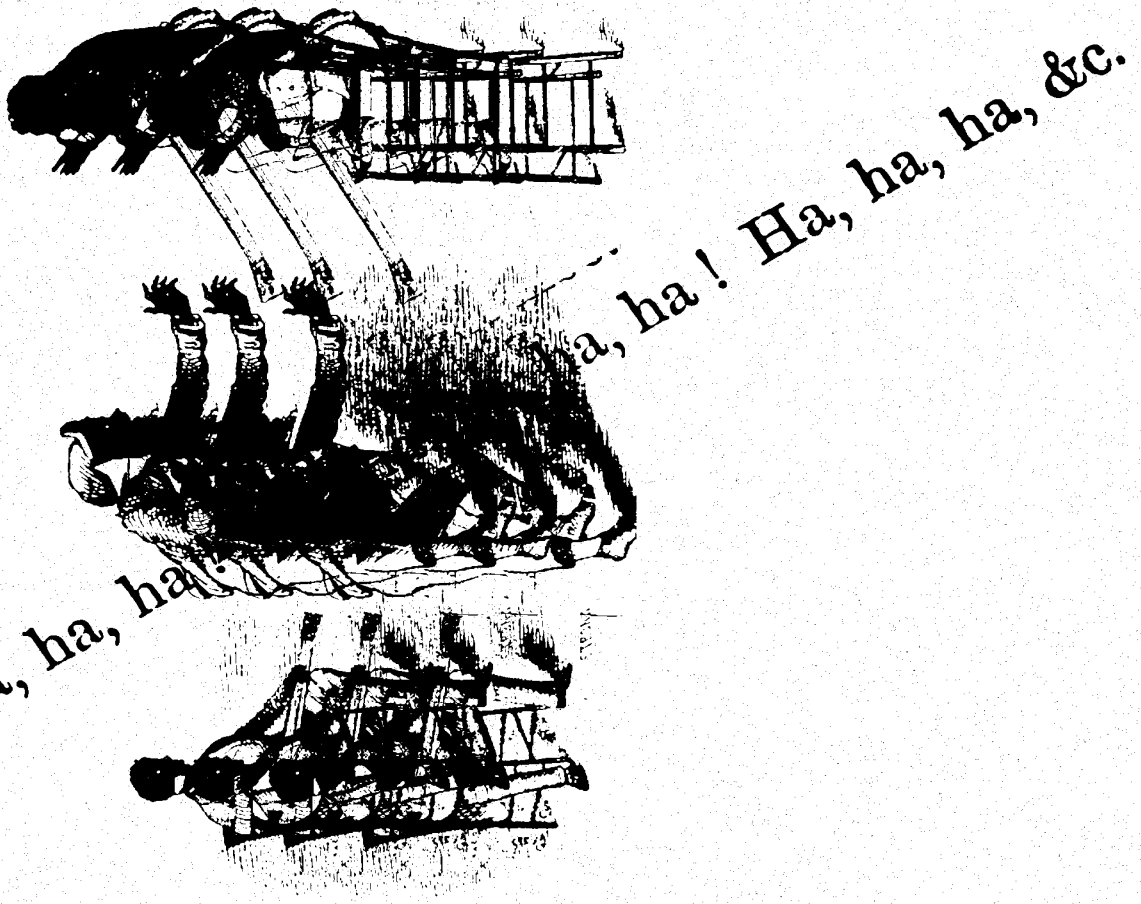
"What? Cut off your arm?"

"Saten sure, mass'—dats de law of Loozyaney, White man strike nigga, folk laugh, folk cry out, 'Lap de dam nigga! lap him!' Nigga strike white man, cut off nigga's arm. Like berry much to 'bleege mass' Edwad, but daren't go to the clearings. White men after Gabr'l last two days. Cuss'd blood-dogs and nigga-hunters out on im track. Thought young mass' war one o' dem folks; dat's why um run."

"If you do not guide me, then I must die."

"Die!—die! wha for mass' say dat?"

"Because I am lost. I cannot find my way out of the forest. If I do not reach the doctor in less than twenty minutes, there is no hope. O God!"


Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
a, ha! Ha, ha, ha, &c.

THAT TRIFLING TOWN NIGGER

THAT TRIFLING TOWN NIGGER

THAT TRIFLING TOWN NIGGER

THAT TRIFLING TOWN NIGGER

THAT TRIFLING TOWN NIGGER

THAT TRIFLING TOWN NIGGER

THAT TRIFLING TOWN NIGGER
OR
THE ADVENTURES OF MANE SUGARTEETH

Episode III, "Mane on the Bayou."

THAT no-good philanderer and likely-murder suspect known as Mane Sugarteeth, was making his way through the deep south, after being confused by a compass he had stolen.

After beating a Cajun man over the head with a bag of chickens and stealing his boat, Mane found himself rowing through the bayou, where he eventually chanced upon two aged darkies, who were sitting on the porch of a dilapidated shack.

"I say! I say! Would you look at dat!" Said the one with no teeth.

"Dat dar am a city-nigger a' rowin' in de bayou!" Said the other, slapping his knee and laughing.

Sugarteeth, of course, wasn't really a genuine city-nigger, only a dandified pretender. In fact, he wasn't really anything, or in other words: He would be anything which would allow him to acquire the diverse vices he enjoyed. All this ironically made him a genuine city-nigger in the end.

Mane, thinking quickly, as much as that was possible, thought up of a way to defraud the two old countrified darkies, saying: "Well, hello dar, good people! I-I'se a preacher!" As he rowed in close and docked his stolen boat.

"A preacher?" Said the toothless darkie, "I ain't nebber seen no preacher dressed lak you is."

"I assure you, brethren, I'se in fact a preacher of de good word."

Mane stepped up to the porch and tried to shake the two nigger's hands.

"If you a preacha'," the one with teeth said, "den where am yo' bible?"

Mane stumbled over his words for a moment and then said: "See... De good Lord done tested me today, as I trabbeled dese lands, savin' souls an' such, as is my practice... a-a laligator done jamped at me while I was a' rowin', an all ma' possessions, includin' de good book, was taken by de waters. But, bein· dat I is a preacher, I done memlozied all dem books das in de bible, so, as a matter-of-act, you cain ax me anything 'bout the good book, being I'se memolized de entire ting!"

The two swamp niggers thought for a moment, and then the one with teeth said: "How many books am in de bible?"

Entirely stumped, Mane Sugarteeth attempted to buy some time by asking for a drink, saying: "Well, sho', das an easy one, but bein' dat my throat am parched, cud I 'haps get a drink, maybe some lemonade."

"De bra! Get obber hea, de preacha' want some lemonade!"

The two muddy-water-darkies laughed riotously.

"De onliest drink you is gwine get here am a glass ob watta'."

"Maybe wit some shrimp swimmin' in it!" Added the toothless one.

A negress, slightly younger than the two men, emerged from the house, laughing: "Lemonade! Ah-ha-ha-haw! dis nigga want de lemonade!"

"Uh, yes'm," said Mane, "a glass of water will be jas fine, if you please."

After receiving his water, mane began drinking it very slowly.

"Hey dar, nigger! Gulp dat watta' down and anwsa' us de ques'chen!" The toothless one yelled.

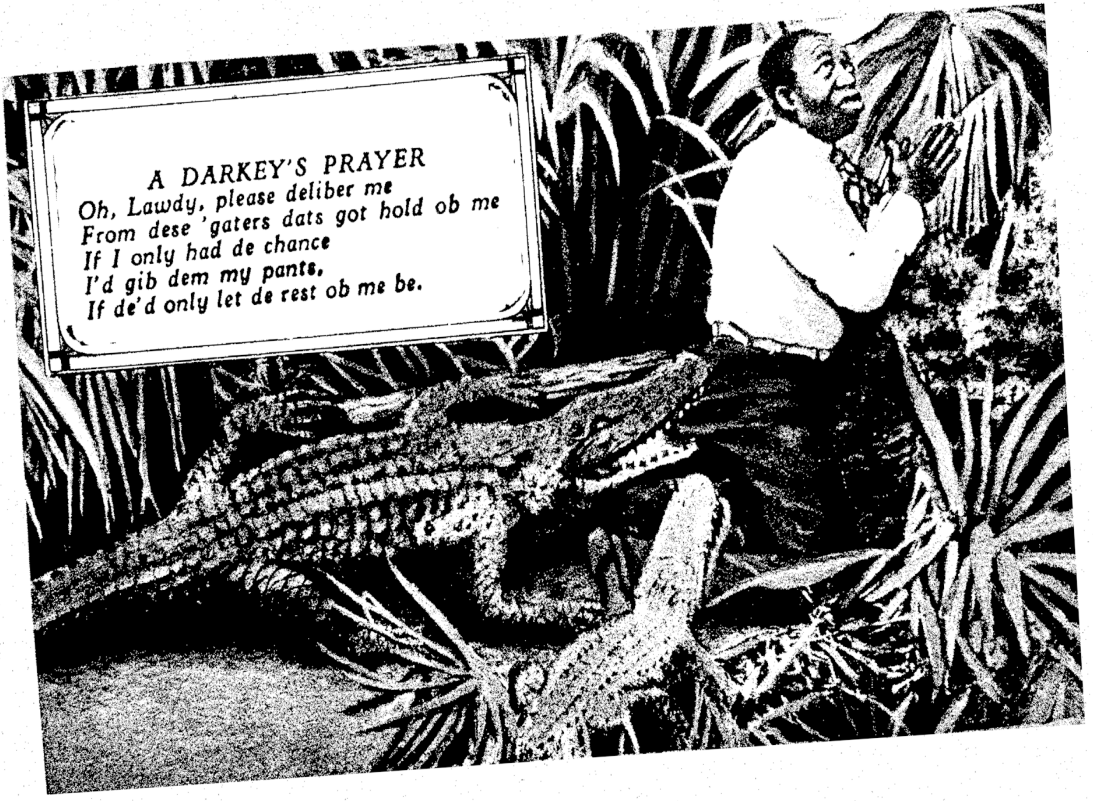
"Well, y'see, dis am de latest in de medical knowledge, my brethren, it am not good ta' drink de watta' too quick-lak, fo' it am bad fo' de congestion."

"Gib us de anwsa'!" The other darkie added.

"Well, hol' on naw; I'se know all dem books in de bible, but fust I'se got to count dem in my head, and since das a big numba', it gwine take a minute."

"Count 'em out-loud, we's got de tyme."

"Ah, awrite den... les'see... fust we got de book of Genitals," mane began counting on his fingers, "das de beginin'. Den we got de book of Sawdust, den we got de Litigious. After dat one come de book of Numbness, an' den de book of Dermatology-"


A DARKEY'S PRAYER
Oh, Lawdy, please deliber me
From dese 'gaters dats got hold ob me
If I only had de chance
I'd gib dem my pants,
If de'd only let de rest ob me be.

"Das enuff, dar nigger," the toothless marshy coon said, "only a genuwine preacha'-man cud say dem words lak dat."

"Well, yes'm, I is a preacher after all," mane said, trying to hide his duper's smile.

"An'," the old nigger continued, "I ain' nebber liked no preacher."

Mane's smile quickly fell off a cliff.

"Well, das not maughty Christian; I assure you, gemmen, I'se-"

"An' I ain' no Christian 'neider!" The toothless darkie interrupted. "Hell, ole Tom here don' believe in anything," he said as he gestured to the toothed coon seated next to him.

"Well, how do you mean you ain't no Christian, sir?" Mane inquired.

"I'se a conjureman," the toothless nigga replied.

"He a fraudster, is what he is!" Tom added.

"Shut yo shrimp-eatin' mouth, you rascal!" The other exclaimed.

"If dar whar any truth do dat devilry you practice, you'd hab grown sum teef back into yo' skull by naw; I tell you dis," he turned quickly to face Sugarteeth, "I don' 'lieve in do devil eider! De devil what de white man made up ta keep niggas scared, and de conjure what de nigga made up ta not be scarred! Dis lak a nigga chasin' a 'maginary possum, fixin' ta ketch it wid a 'maginary bag!"

"Tom, you ole fool, you don' know what you is talkin', an if ya' keeps it up, I'se gwine put de conjure on you!"

"Ain' no truth ta it" he turned to Mane again, "back in de ole days, when niggas was still in slavery, I'se once tried fixin' my ol' massa', kase I gave a prokchawp ta an ole conjureman on de plantai'shen, in 'change fo' him teachin' me he devilry. So I'se put dis powda he gib me in my massa' boots, an' later-tyme I try ta sauce him, he beat de darkness off dis here nigger... dar ain' no magic in dis worl'... Dar ain' no god or debil; some days I wake ub and I don' tink dar ain' anyting but de noffinness!"

The two swamp coons argued some more. Soon, they looked over and realized that Mane Sugarteeth was walking away back to his boat.

"Whar is you going, preacher?" They asked.

"Nigga, if I knew where I was goin', I'd nebber get anybere, kase it nebber ain't no place good," he answered as he began rowing.

TA BE CONSTITUTED?

¿DETUTITSNOC EB AT

TODAY'S SECRET DARKIE

ISHIWARA Coon!

ONLY A *REAL COON*
COULD DO DAT BULLGINE
RASCALISM IN MANDINGOCHURIA!

新京ー羅南線開始

船中絃歌之図
黒面朱唇服更紗
股引縞白藍立絞
格子

Chorus: Peace go wid dem niggers,
Peace go wid dem niggers,
Peace go wid dem niggers,

Chorus: Peace go wid dem niggers,
Peace go wid dem niggers,
Peace go wid dem niggers,

Chorus: Peace go wid dem niggers,
Peace go wid dem niggers,
Peace go wid dem niggers,

DE END